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No. 333

AT THE MILLINER'S

A Comedy in One Act

BY
MABEL H. CRANE

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NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
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CHARACTERS.

MRS. O'ROURKE.. *Plump, laced, bleached hair, in trailing black robes*
CICELY... *Social investigator—well-cut, tailor dress, hair severely done*
JINNY.. *The "buttons"—Short dress, black apron*
MRS. VANDERLIP..... *CICELY's mother—elaborately dressed for street*
FORBES..... *Her maid—Sober costume for street*
KATIE WALSH.. *Shop girl—Shabby lace waist, badly hanging skirt, high heels, very fancy coiffure*
FLOSSIE JANSEN.... *Dressed similarly, with slight variation, cheap jewelry*
A CUSTOMER.... *Dressed in extreme, rather loud, fashion—may have pet dog*

SYNOPSIS.

Miss Cicely Vanderlip, of the wealthy Vanderlip family, having had a misunderstanding with her fiancé, determines to give her life to charity work, and undertakes to study conditions among working girls in the millinery shop of Madame O'Rourke. Her trials with customers and with her hot tempered, but warm hearted employer; her experience with other girls employed in the shop, are all most illuminating. In the end, however, she is made completely happy by, first having sold a hat to her unsuspecting mother, and secondly, having heard certain facts in the shop which enable her, without loss of pride, to renew her engagement. ✓

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AT THE MILLINER'S

SCENE:—*Milliner shop from inside. Large window at left back. Door at right back. Door at left side back. Small section railed off (Curtains above) at extreme right front. In enclosure are seats, bandboxes and clutter of millinery, a sewing-stand and a shelf and mirror at right side. Long mirror at left center facing front. Settee at left front. Bandboxes piled about; also stands holding hats. Telephone at extreme right corner.*

(JINNY discovered alone, surreptitiously trying on hats before long mirror. She poses, dances, etc. MME. O'ROURKE opens (left) door and watches her for a moment through a crack, then opens it wide and descends upon JINNY in a rage.)

MRS. O'ROURKE. (*Enters speaking*) Jinny McGovern!!! How many times have I told you to let them hats alone!!! (*Jerks hat out of JINNY's hand*) Gimme that hat!! Say—you git your things an' you leave this store for good. (*Points to door*) The gall of ye!!! I suppose you think you look like a movie queen—don't you? See here, young woman—(*Shaking finger in JINNY's face*) the next time I find you in one of my hats, I'm going to hand you over—to—the—law—do you mind?—I'm going to—(*JINNY puts her face in her arms. MADAME sees*

that she is impressed) Aw—don't be crying now—come now, Jinny—come to me—(*Hugs her*) aw—Jinny, don't cry—there's a darlint—come sit on the sofy with me. (*They sit*) Jinny, I am that worried—nobody knows. Look what I got in the mail this mornin'—(*Shows letter*) a notice, Jinny, that I got to pay up the mortgage on this store—right away, an', if something don't happen to help me out—that means bankruptcy—girl—bankruptcy!—an' trouble for all of us—an' I don't know what I'm going to do—lo—no—no!!

JINNY. Aw—Mrs. O'Rourke—

MRS. O'ROURKE. (*Between her fingers, rocking back and forth*) Madame Fleurette, you mane.

JINNY. Yes, Madame, I mean—don't take on so—Maybe you can make 'em wait an'—

MME. Ah, child, you don't know. I've been holding off my creditors until they won't wait any longer. (*Sighs and shakes her head*)

JINNY. But, Mrs. O'—Madame Fleurette, I mean—what makes you be taking on a new girl in the shop. It only means more wages for you to pay. Of course me and Katie and Flossie will wait for our wages as long as we kin hold out, but—

MME. Well, Jinny—it's this way. I don't want to hurt no one's feelings—but you know yourself, that there's nothing like a stylish saleslady to get rid of the goods. Someone who can put last year's hat on her head and make it look like the latest thing; someone who kin look kind of proud and pityin'—like when a customer asks for a cheap hat. Katie and Flossie is both fine looking girls—none finer—but all their money goes to their families instead of on their backs—like some—an' this girl that's coming—she has the style—they say.

JINNY. How did you find her.

MME. Through the President of the Working Girls' Aid. She's a swell, herself, you know; and she told me she would send a young woman, a swell

dresser, she said, who would take the place as cheap as any of them—(*Glances at her watch*) goodness, look at the time, and Flossie and Katie not here yet. How I do be imposed on. Get along with you, now. (*Both rise*) Go into the storeroom—(*Pushes JINNY towards left door, following herself*) There's all them shelves to finish an'—

(*Both exit. Enter immediately CICELY—followed by FORBES. They come to front, keeping close to each other—like conspirators, CICELY animated, but FORBES apprehensive and gloomy. CICELY surveys room, then remarks the expression of FORBES' face.*)

CICELY. (*Laughing*) Why, Forbes—how you look! There's nothing to be so gl—oo—oo—my about!! (*FORBES shakes head*) You know, it's only for one day and—

FORBES. Yes, miss—but there's your mother, and she might find out about your masquerading as a poor working girl and—

CICELY. Nonsense, Forbes. You don't understand. We all take turns in the Society. It's the only real way of finding out the real conditions under which the working girl makes her bread and butter. You see, Forbes, just giving money isn't real charity. Real charity is finding out the best way of helping others and then helping that way. As for mother—well—I want to show her. You see, she never takes me seriously. When I told her that I was selected among the girls to find out conditions among girls working in stores, she nearly died laughing. She said I couldn't sell a spool of thread if my life depended on it.

FORBES. An' there's Mr. Dick—what would he think—supposin' he heard that his future wife was sellin' hats in a cheap millinery store?

CICELY. (*With spirit*) Well—if Mr. Dick Law-

ton is such a snob as all that!!—Besides you know, Forbes,—we have parted irrevocably—at least I have——

FORBES. Ah, Miss Cicely—don't say it—such a fine young man—you bein' jealous just because you saw him walking with a strange young woman—why——

CICELY. Nonsense, Forbes—I am not jealous—not in the least—only when I asked him whom I saw him with—he wouldn't tell me—he laughed at me——

FORBES. Why, Miss, he was only showing his high spirit—an' you ought to like him all the better for it—an'—I'm sure——

CICELY. There's no use arguing, Forbes. Now I am just going to live for doing good and—hush—someone's coming. Run, Forbes!! Mind you—be around the corner with the limousine at six sharp—hurry.

(Exit FORBES. Enter MME.)

MME. (*Suave and mincing. Approaches CICELY with professional smile*) Ah—madame wishes a hat? All my salesladies are——

CICELY. No—no!! I was sent by Miss Dreme, President of the Aid——

MME. (*Change of manner*) Oh!—(*Looking her up and down*) I understood that she was sending someone—well, more—dressy-like—I don't think you have enough style. And then, you need more of a high manner—like the quality, you know—No, I don't think you'll do.

CICELY. Maybe I could learn—couldn't you try me?

MME. Take off your hat—goodness, how plain you wear your hair. Can you sew?

CICELY. Well—er—I thought I was to serve.

MME. Well, you can't serve all the time. To tell the truth, there's not many customers lately.

CICELY. Oh, well, I can learn—lots of girls I know trim their own hats! (*Seeing her mistake*) that is—I know a lot of milliners.

MME. Well, come this way, and take off your things. (*Shows her, and follows her, into trimming enclosure. Enter FLOSSIE and KATIE. They have languid, fancy walks and stand, with raised eyebrows, expecting a tirade from MADAME. MME. coming to center*) Well, I must say!!! Having your chocolate in bed, I suppose? Of course it don't matter if the shop is kept waiting. I guess you think you belong to the Vanderlip family. Katie Walsh and Flossie Jansen—you walk right out of that dure and don't let me see your face again!!! (*The girls proceed calmly to take off their wraps, regardless*) You act like I kep' a sort of fashionable seminary. It seems like all you girls—(*Enter JINNY, carrying huge pile of bandboxes, which she drops*) Look at that, now! That's right, Jinny--dropping my hats like you always do an'—

JINNY. (*Piping up cheerfully*) Where'll I put 'em, Mrs. Madame O'Rourke, Fleurette, I mean?

MME. (*Jerks thumb indicating enclosure*) Behind. Girls—I've a plan to git rid of them old felts at last. You know last year I marked them down. This year I'm going to put green rosettes on them and mark them way up.

KATIE. Madame—ain't you the wonder?

FLOSSIE. (*Picking up felt from floor and twirling it*) Green rosettes for green people!

(*CICELY appears to them.*)

MME. And girls—this is the new saleslady. Your name, my dear?

CICELY. Er—Brown—Mary Brown.

MME. And a plain name too—I never! Well,

you'll have to be Lucille here, for as long as you stay. (*She and the other girls exchange significant glances. JINNY has meanwhile struggled into trimming enclosure carrying bandboxes, which she arranges*) Take a look at them hats, Lucille. (*CICELY and JINNY look at one of the hats together, MADAME and girls gather and whisper*) Did you ever, girls?—the plain thing—and Miss Dreme tellin' me she was a swell dresser.

FLOSSIE. She'll never sell nothing for you, madame!

(*FLOSSIE and KATIE go behind and CICELY comes out to MADAME.*)

MME. Now, Miss—er—Lucille—let me explain about our stock. Now this hat, (*Indicates hats on stands*) I'm asking fifteen for it—it cost me two and a half, an' you ought to get eight, at least for it. This one is twenty—don't come lower than seven—you might begin with twenty-five, and with that feather, an' all, some women would give thirty. This one is all the way from thirty to sixteen—I don't want to give the shop a cheap name, you know, an' if any cheap guys come in with a little old fiver, why, you sell 'em one of the felts—And—(*They wander toward back, murmuring*)

(*KATIE and FLOSSIE have been powdering and primping before the mirror inside.*)

KATIE. (*To FLOSSIE*) An', I ses to him—an' I ses it good and plain, I ses—ses I—(*JINNY gets between the girls listening with might and main*) Get out of here, Jinny. Madame—(*Raising her voice*) can't Jinny get me some blue velvet out of the store-room? (*Whispers*) An' he ses—

(*MADAME nods assent. Exit JINNY, resentfully.*)

MME. (*At rear window*) Keep the customers away from this light—it's bad. (*Coming front*) This mirror is really too near the window. Remember, if it's a woman with a round face, try any squarish hat on her and if it's a woman with a—oh, well, I suppose you know all those things—with your experience. Now—let me show you—(*Murmurs*)

KATIE. (*To FLOSSIE*) An' he ses to me—just like I'm tellin' you—he ses—ses he——

MME. (*Approaches with CICELY*) Here, girls, Lucille will show you how to put on those spangles. Just call me, if you have to, mind. (*Exit MADAME*)

CICELY. (*Making for seat at rear of trimming section*) Oh, excuse me—don't let me disturb you. Thanks—I——

KATIE. (*Who, with FLOSSIE has seated herself at work*) Aw—cut it out. Keep your manners for the customers.

FLOSSIE. (*Giggles*) If any comes. We have had the bad luck lately. (*Telephone rings, she jumps up and answers it, pertly*) Yes, ma'am—well, ma'am, your not the only one—you can't expect your hat to be done right away with all the rush of customers we're having this week. Well, we'll do the best we can for you, ma'am—that's all we can do, ma'am, good-bye, ma'am.

KATIE. (*Watching CICELY, who is having struggle putting on spangles, sticking needles in her fingers, etc.*) Say, friend, Lucille—you put up an awful bluff on O'Rourke, saying you could sew, I must say. Here, let me show you——

(JINNY comes running in.)

JINNY. Say—girls—a customer! a customer's coming!!

FLOSSIE. Keep quiet, will you? It's up to you, Lucille.

(CICELY rises, looking panicstricken.)

KATIE. Don't lose her now. (JINNY opens door with great effect. CUSTOMER enters. CICELY with hand on her heart goes towards her, murmuring) Put a round hat on a square face and—Oh, (Louder) what can I do for, madame (Her air is now quite professional)

CUSTOMER. (Airily) Just passing by—you know—saw that little black hat in the window.

CICELY. This one? (CUSTOMER nods. CICELY gets hat) Won't you put it on?

CUSTOMER. Um—I never wear black. What's that little one with the roses?

CICELY. (Has to lie full length to get it. Breathless) Do try it on.

CUSTOMER. (Putting it on and going through all the poses and contortions usual, before mirror) I never could wear a little hat—and white, too—Blue is my color.

CICELY. (Brightly) Oh—here is just the thing—a large—blue—hat——

CUSTOMER. (Waves it aside, peers around, and points to top of pile) What do you keep in those boxes—up there?

CICELY. Oh, you wouldn't like them. They are little toques—for young girls.

(FLOSSIE and KATIE give silent giggles.)

CUSTOMER. Indeed—young girls, eh?—well, I must be going. I don't particularly want a hat, anyway, I was only passing and——

CICELY. (Agitatedly) Oh, don't go—we have so many hats you haven't seen—big hats—little hats—If you have a square face we——

CUSTOMER. Not to-day. (Coldly. Exit. By this time girls behind are standing excitedly, and MME. is listening at door—JINNY all eyes)

(MME enters when woman disappears and CICELY standing dejectedly at center. MME. comes forward.)

MME. What!—you let that woman get away—an' her not here two minutes—and you professing to be a number one saleslady—and recommended as you was—and all of us in the fix we're in—who, if you was nothing but a useless sassiety girl, you couldn't do worse. See here, young lady, you git your hat and——

CICELY. (*Stamping foot*) No, I won't. I won't go. I'll sell a hat or die!—oh, madame, don't send me away. Try me again. It means so much to me—(*Almost tearful*)

MME. Well, I guess you're in a bad way, but——

KATIE. Aw—madame, try her again—I guess she's clean broke!

MME. Well, I am that soft—you kin stay the day out—maybe you'll learn something. But I'll take the next customer myself, an' you watch me. Go on now—to your work—sh!! here's another. (*Enter FORBES*) Ah, good-morning—Won't you sit down—Right here, please—I'll just move this mirror where you can see yourself better. Now madame—do you wish something for the opera, or for an afternoon reception, or maybe one to wear in your machine for shopping madame——

FORBES. (*Looking around anxiously for CICELY*) No, no, just a hat—a plain hat——

MME. I know just your style, madame—simple elegance—that's what it is. I love to sell a hat to a lady with taste. I won't show you anything but the best. (*Tries on a very cocky little hat—absurd on the prim* FORBES) This hat now—my, how well it suits you. (*FORBES takes it off with horror*) You don't like it? excuse me, ma'am—I wasn't thinking—of course real blondes, like yourself never do wear that color—besides it's a little old fer you—Now this

is one I was savin' for the rich Mrs. Vanderlip—the minute you came in, I thought how it would suit you, an' she'll take anything of ours. (FORBES *looks shocked*) No, no, she won't mind—don't let that trouble you—an' the price is just thirty dollars—too much? no, ma'am, your only jokin'—oh, let me see, (*Looking at price tag*) Oh, the joke is on me—ha, ha—only twenty-five—oh, cheap at that—with your regular features an' all—it's awful becoming to you—well, I kin see that your heart is just set on it, but I've another one here—an' all it needs is a large stylish bow—right here, to make it as fine as the other one—my—look at it on you! (*Raising her voice*) Miss Walsh—come here, please, (KATIE *comes in*) look at this hat on the lady—did you ever see anything so becoming! (*It is an enormous, plumed hat of all colors*)

FORBES. But—no—no—I—er——

KATIE. My—but doesn't she look grand!! So distinguished!!! I wish the other girls could see her.

MME. I should say so—oh, girls——

(*The girls have been watching the sale through the curtains above the railings. Enter FLOSSIE, followed by CICELY, who is trying not to smile.*)

FLOSSIE. (*In admiration too great for words*) Madame!!

MME. Of course you'll take it?

(CICELY *nods assent to FORBES, unseen by others.*)

FORBES. (*Faintly*) Yes.

MME. And only fifteen dollars.

FORBES. (*Looking anxious at CICELY, who again nods*) Y—e—s—Do it up.

CICELY. (*Coming forward briskly*) No, no, you must wear it—mustn't she, madame?—it would be a shame to put it in a box——

MME. (*Getting in front of her*) Just as the lady says—I'd be that proud to have her go out of my store in it. (*She gives it a fresh and awful angle, jabs a hatpin through it, takes the money*) An' where shall I send the other one?

FORBES. I'll take it. (MME. and FLOSSIE *wrap it up at left side*. KATIE *covertly laughs at FORBES' appearance and goes back to work*, JINNY *stays at door*. FORBES *hurriedly in whisper to CICELY*) Your mother's on her way here, Miss!

CICELY. How provoking!!! (*Goes back into enclosure thoughtfully*)

MME. Now if there is any little change you'd like why——

FORBES. Thanks—no—I (*Exits, glancing fearfully back where she has seen CICELY disappear*)

MME. (*Going towards enclosure, rubbing hands*) It's just as easy as rolling off a log—but I can't do it again I warn you. I may as well tell you that I can't take chances staying so long in the reception room. There's bills may come and you see—well, I don't want any papers served on me—at all——

CICELY. (*Mystified*) Papers?

KATIE. Yes, papers—Don't you understand? Mortgage foreclosed—Smash—bang—sheriff's sale—All our jobs gone!!

MME. An' if I can only hold out until Spring trade comes in——

FLOSSIE. An' that ain't long, an' madame always pays her help, no matter what happens, so you needn't worry.

CICELY. No—no—I——

MME. Still. I can't afford to keep a saleslady who can't get rid of my hats for me—and you'll have to make good—and——

CICELY. Listen—if I don't sell a hat to-day, I'll make it up to you. I'll——

MME. Come now, child—don't go making promises you can't keep—get busy now, an' better

luck next time. I'll do the best I can for you. Come, Jinny. (*Exit MME., followed by JINNY, left door*)

KATIE. (*Sewing*) You must be awful down on your luck, Lucille. If you wouldn't git offended I'd like to give you a piece of advice.

CICELY. Advice? Why, no—I'd consider it a kindness.

KATIE. Well, it's your looks is against you. You've got no style at all— Your hair, now— wouldn't she look the lady with a Lilian Russell bang now, Flossie?

FLOSSIE. Wouldn't she though, an' some puffs, an' her eyebrows heavier!

KATIE. An' the shine off her nose, and— Would you let me fix you?

CICELY. Just the thing—Do hurry—a—a— customer might come.

FLOSSIE. Don't you worry—they're not thick in here.

(*Both help her take down her hair and make her up before mirror.*)

KATIE. There, now, you look more stylish already.

FLOSSIE. A little more black, Katie.

CICELY. You are both awfully good, girls.

KATIE. We know what it is to be out of a steady job, don't we, Flossie?

CICELY. My—don't I look funny. (*Giggles*) Do you think anyone would know me?

KATIE. Your own mother wouldn't know you.

JINNY. (*Rushing in from left door*) Girls—girls. (*Goes to entrance door and opens it*)

FLOSSIE. Well, if you ain't brought the luck, Lucille—Another customer. (*Pecking out*) An' it's a swell!

KATIE. (*Whispers*) Go to it now, an' my blessings.

MME. (*Through the crack of left door*) Stick to her now.

(*Enters MRS. VANDERLIP. She is large and opulent looking—carries lorgnettes and holds her head high. CICELY comes forward, looking somewhat fearful of being discovered. Mother looks steadily at her but doesn't know her.*)

MRS. VANDERLIP. Now don't tell me what I want—nor try to induce me to buy a hat years too young for me—nor attempt to put a little purple bonnet on me either—nor show me anything that sticks up a foot in the air—something simple and—

CICELY. Won't you sit down?

MRS. VANDERLIP. (*Glancing up curiously*) Thanks—(*Sits*)

CICELY. (*Bringing a handsome hat*) This one is good looking.

MRS. VANDERLIP. (*Waves it away*) Nothing like that.

CICELY. (*Brings another*) How about this one?

MRS. VANDERLIP. Nothing at all like that!

CICELY. Why; I think that——

MRS. VANDERLIP. Now don't think. This time I am going to have exactly the sort of hat I want. I usually shop with my daughter. She is so strong willed, you know, and I never have the kind of bonnet I really like.

CICELY. Oh—no?

MRS. VANDERLIP. Never. You see she is at the age when she thinks she knows it all. Now what I really want is a low crowned, flat shape, with nothing on it but some sort of little bow and——

CICELY. Yes, I see—how sweet (*Suspicious sweetness on her part. Raises her voice*) Miss Walsh—will you please bring me one of those felts before you take off the rosettes? (*KATIE takes gum out of her mouth, sticks it on mirror and brings hat,*

swaggers back again after a good stare at customer. Puts it on mother) You see—just what you wanted.

MRS. VANDERLIP. (*Turning her head about*) But it doesn't look the way I thought it would——

CICELY. (*Maliciously*) No—but it's just what you asked for and you know you always—I mean, you know you asked for a low, flat, soft——

MRS. VANDERLIP. Yes—yes—I know I did—and I always know my own mind—though my daughter thinks I don't—I may as well take it—the price?

CICELY. Forty dollars. (*Madame opens the door a wider crack and waves her hand and indicates twenty*)

MRS. VANDERLIP. Isn't that a little——

CICELY. Not at all—especially when you're getting exactly what you wanted. Why, this rosette alone——

MRS. VANDERLIP. I rather wish that my daughter could see it before I——

CICELY. Well, you know, she might fancy something that stuck up more—We have a lovely little purple bonnet that——

MRS. VANDERLIP. No—no—send this. Forty Cedar Ave., please.

CICELY. (*Hinting*) Just forty dollars——

MRS. VANDERLIP. Eh—well—I suppose I may as well pay the cash—here!

CICELY. Thanks.

MRS. VANDERLIP. My dear—haven't I seen you somewhere before? (*Taking another look at felt hat*) You certainly are a very clever young saleswoman. (*Exit*)

(MADAME, JINNY and the girls surround CICELY delightedly.)

MME. Forty Cedar Ave!!! that's the Vanderlip place!!! To think it!

KATIE. Forty dollars!!

FLOSSIE. Say, madame, that'll help some!

MME. An' you made her pay cash. That was the best of all.

CICELY. I knew that was the best way. You see, she always changes her mind after she gets home. So I made her pay—right—up.

KATIE. Why—do you know her?

CICELY. Oh!—I've seen her buy hats before.

MME. You're the grandest saleslady I ever employed!

CICELY. (*Looking conscious-stricken. Aside*) I don't see how I could do it.

KATIE. Lunch time, madame!

MME. All right girls—you eat your lunches. Come Jinny—with me.

(*Exit MME. and JINNY.*)

CICELY. Goodness—I never thought of lunch, and I didn't bring my purse!

KATIE. (*KATIE and FLOSSIE look significantly at each other.*) Sit down—we've got enough for you, ain't we, Flossie?

FLOSSIE. Sure.

CICELY. Oh, I couldn't think of taking your lunch; but wasn't I silly not to bring my purse.

KATIE. Cut it out, Lucille—we've been there. Here, take this pickle for a starter. I told ma to keep it herself, but she would put it in. Here's a salt herring, too.

CICELY. No, no.

FLOSSIE. Here's some home-made cheese. Take some of it an' welcome.

KATIE. That's the fine eats. How does your mother make it, Flossie?

FLOSSIE. My, it's easy. You just let a little sour milk heat at the back of the stove, an' then you tie it in an old stocking an' hang it on the clothes-line overnight. Have some, Lucille, an' welcome.

CICELY. (*Rising*) Thanks so much, but I'm

really not hungry. I think I'll just do my hair over. I'll feel better and——

FLOSSIE. Ain't she the funny one, Katie? Well, to change the subject.

KATIE. (*With view to changing subject*) Say, Flossie, are you going walking with your blond millionaire kid, this evening? I seen you with him on Friday, an' I looked over the sassiety columns next morning to see your name an'——

FLOSSIE. Don't you listen to her, Lucille. A finer young man never lived. You see, my little brother being run over by an automobile, and madame not being able to give us our wages for so long, and my father out of a job, an' all, and this young fellow was in the machine when Jimmie was run over and he says to Jimmie that he would pay all the hospital bills, an' he asked me would I go see the doctor with him, and the doctor ses—Mr. Lawton, he ses——

CICELY. (*Twirling round suddenly from mirror, where she has been taking off make-up and re-arranging her hair*) Lawton? you mean Dick Lawton? Has he got light brown hair, and the most beautiful blue eyes in the whole world?

FLOSSIE. You sound kind of stuck on him—do you know him?

CICELY. And was it you who were walking with him Friday afternoon at six-thirty?

FLOSSIE. What do you know about that. (*Drawing herself up*) And, have you any objections?

CICELY. (*To herself*) How mean I've been.

(*Enter JINNY.*)

JINNY. (*Runs excitedly across room to enclosure*) Someone coming!

CICELY. (*Rather absentminded*) I'll go.

(*Enter MRS. VANDERLIP.*)

MRS. VANDERLIP. I would like to see that young woman who sold me a large felt with a rosette on one side. I have thought of a little change——

CICELY. (*Comes out and faces her mother*) Mother!

MRS. VANDERLIP. (*Shrieks*) Cicely Vanderlip!!

(*Enter MME.*)

MME. What is the matter—what's the matter?

CICELY. (*Hugs her mother*) Mother—I did it! —I did it—I sold a hat—you thought I couldn't—and listen, mother—they've all been so good to me—offered me pickles—and madame wouldn't turn me off because I was broke—you must pay off her mortgage—trade will be all right in the spring, you know—there's nothing I wouldn't do for all of them—and—and——

MRS. VANDERLIP. Well—Cicely Vanderlip—I'd pay anything to keep this out of the newspapers!!

MME. (*Her hands on her hips—very angry*) Well—I like that. You offerin' a bribe to an O'Rourke—Me taking hush money, indade!!! It's an insult, it is. Indade it would be very good advertising—one of the Vanderlips sellin' hats in my store. I think I'll——

MRS. VANDERLIP. (*Nervously*) Oh, dear—I beg your pardon—I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You see, my daughter going in for this sort of thing—and breaking off her engagement, and—why I—(*Breaks down and weeps*)

MME. Oh—now—go on—I didn't mane it—there,—there—ma'am, rest easy now— Of course I'm not above taking a little help until the spring trade and——

CICELY. Mother—It's all right about Dick. I can't wait to see him.

MRS. VANDERLIP. My dear—he's outside in the car. We were going to lunch together.

CICELY. (*Rushes to her mother*) Lunch?
Where's my hat!

CURTAIN.

(*Tableau: MADAME and KATIE and FLOSSIE, embracing in joy, JINNY dancing a little war dance by herself. CICELY and her mother embracing.*)

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